Would tempt vnto a close exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble meanes match not his haughtie minde,
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is Tirrell.
King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe revoluing wittie Buckingham,
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsell,
Hath he so long held out with me vntirde
And stops he now for breath?
Enter Darby.
How now, what newes with you?
Dar. My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas where he abides,
King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
King. Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping close:
Enquire me out some meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I feare not him:
Looke how thou dreamst: I say againe, giue out
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die.
About it, for it stands me much vpon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me,
I must be married to my brothers daughter,
Or else my kingdome stands on brittle glasse,
Murther her brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that sin plucke on sin,
Teare falling pittie dwels not in this eye.
Enter Tirrel.
Is thy name Tirrell?
Tir. Iames Tirrel, and your most obedient subiect.
King. Art thou indeed?

Tir.